Numb. 7.

The TORY TATLER.

Oh quam te memorem, Virgo! namq; haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem Sonat. Oh Dea certe! Virg.

From *Friday December* 8. to *Monday December* 11. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 9.

IT was but lately on an Autumn Evening, when the Moon ſhone clear, and the Air was calm and temperate, that I took a Walk into the Fields; where, as is my Humour, I ſoon left the Path and wander'd on till I came to a large Wood, which my Curioſity and natural Love of Solitude inviting me to enter, I found my ſelf encompaſs'd with the moſt delightful Proſpect I ever ſaw: Night vaniſh'd from me, and in her Room aroſe all the gayer Scenes of Nature, which the Innocence and Silence of the Place rendred doubly agreable. Here on a ſudden preſented herſelf to me a naked Woman, plain, but beautiful, of a fair Complexion and undiſſembling, that had in it ſomewhat peculiarly free and open and confeſs'd ſuch Pleaſures as no Man can utter. I was at firſt very much ſurpris'd, and endeavour'd to excuſe my ſelf as decently as I could for my rude undeſign'd Intruſion upon her Privacies; I was going on in my Apologies, when ſhe obligingly reliev'd my Modeſty by applying herſelf to me in the following manner.

'You need not, Sir, be concern'd; you have 'given no Offence; my Viſiters, I acknowledge, 'are few, but always welcome, My Name is '*Truth*: I was long ſince oblig'd to quit the 'World in Diſcontent, becauſe none but *Mutes* 'would entertain me: I was ſworn out of all 'Courts of Judicature, overpower'd by Evi'dences, and witneſs'd into Diſgrace; and, 'what with Goſſips, Buſie-Bodies, Make-bates 'and Medlers, had ſo hard a Time on't, that 'pure Neceſſity forc'd me to ſeek this Retire'ment, where I am determin'd to ſtay 'till Mankind is better diſpos'd for my Re'ception.

Here the Goddeſs (for ſuch ſhe truly was) began to familiarize herſelf with me, and deſir'd I'd freely let her know my Thought concerning ſuch Things as ſhe ſhould propoſe. I gave my Aſſent in a low Bow; upon which ſhe ſmil'd, and in a cold Accent ask'd me, how it far'd in the World with her Kindred Vertues, *Honour*, *Friendſhip* and *Juſtice*.

'*Honour*, fair Deity, I reply'd, is much 'talk'd of, but little practic'd: It is upon his '*Honour* that the Tradeſman cheats us; and the 'Highwayman robs, becauſe it is not conſiſtent 'with his *Honour* to beg. The Gentlemen of 'the Sword ſeem to have monopoliz'd the 'Word, but the Thing dwells in *Limbo*, and 'is evaporated into Title: Our Poets ſay ve'ry fine things of it, and you'll find it per'haps at the End of a Title-Page, or over an 'Epiſtle Dedicatory, and that's all. As for '*Friendſhip*, it bears a high Price, and is to be 'purchas'd only with Gold or Cuckoldom; he 'that has neither a good Eſtate nor a hand'ſome Wife, may even go whoop for a Friend. '*Juſtice* is devour'd by *Writs*, *Demurs*, *Bills*, '*Declarations*, and a thouſand other Impertinencies, which only ſerve to imbroil Equity 'and confound it, nor has it ever far'd well 'either with that or Religion, ſince they be'came Sciences.

Alas! interrupted the Goddeſs, if things go at this rate, I may even continue where I am: But ſay, how flouriſhes *Health* and *Peace?* And what of honourable *Love?* Are theſe improv'd or degenerated.

'All's one, I anſwer'd; *Never a Barrel the* '*better Herring*. Poor *Health* muſt needs be in 'a fine Condition, when ſo many Phyſicians, 'Quacks, Surgeons, and Apothecaries are her 'ſworn Enemies, and whole Magazines of 'Pills and Drugs lie in wait for her De'ſtruction. It is indeed often ask'd, what Di'ſeaſe a Man died of, Fever, Pluriſie, or the 'like; but properly ſpeaking, the Queſtion 'ſhould be, not what Diſtemper, but what 'Doctor did he die of: Diſtempers ſeize 'Men, but the Phyſicians execute 'em; and

'then

'then again, People will be ſo uncharitable as 'every now and then to ſay, alas! poor 'Man! he kill'd himſelf with Drinking, with-'out adding the Doctor's Potions and Diet-'drinks, which would make good Senſe and 'better *Grammar* of it all in one. For my 'part, I never hear an Apothecary's Mor-'tar ringing, but I think the Bell's a tolling; 'nor read a Doctor's Preſcription, but I take 'it for a Paſſport into the next World. As 'for honourable *Love*, there are few who 'underſtand what it means: Lovers indeed 'we have of all Sorts and Sizes; ſome doat 'upon themſelves, others upon their Writ-'ings; this Fellow loves his Perriwig, that 'his Bottle; and rarely, very rarely one 'ſhall meet a Man that loves his Wife; 'but pure diſintereſted Love and all honou-'rable Intentions in Matrimony are knock'd 'o'the Head by Jointure, Settlements and 'Scriveners; The Fortune is the only thing 'conſider'd; the Woman herſelf is but as a 'Piece of Paper to a Pound of Plums, thrown 'into the Bargain, tho' ſometimes it muſt 'be own'd, ſhe hangs terribly heavy at the 'Foot of the Account. The Place of *Peace* 'is uſurp'd by *Diſcord*, who had left married 'People for a while, and taken up her Re-'ſidence in Senates, Courts and Synods; but 'now ſhe dwells moſtly with the Middle 'leſs diſcerning ſort; ſhe has a Parcel of 'Firebrands, call'd *Hereditary*, *Parliamentary*, '*Antimonarchical*, *Republican*, *Non-Reſiſtance*, '*Popery*, *Fanaticiſm*, &c. which ſhe throws 'about at random and buzzes into Peoples 'Ears in Order to foment Faction and keep 'up Diviſion.

Theſe Words were no ſooner out of my Mouth, but the Deity ask'd me, what Monarch now ſate upon the Imperial Throne of *Britain*, and what Face Things ſeem'd to bear. I immediately anſwer'd, *Royal Anne*, and gave as circumſtantial an Account as I could of the preſent Poſture of Affairs: Upon which I perceiv'd a new Air of Serenity diffus'd it ſelf thro' all her Features, and her native Joy ſparkled from her Eyes with double Luſtre.

'Then am I determin'd, ſays ſhe, to try 'my Fortune in the World once more, invit-'ed by the ſingular Piety and Vertue of that 'Glorious *Princeſs*. Truth ſhall no longer be 'baniſh'd in her Days; but Righteouſneſs ſhall 'deſcend from Heaven and bleſs the World 'again under Her auſpicious Reign. Religi-'on, Honeſty, all Vertues ſhall be retreived; 'and I, who can't lie forever obſcure and 'unobſerved, will riſe with freſh Glory, and 'ſtand Triumphant on the right Hand of this 'good Queen, this my favourite Daughter, this 'beſt of all my Children and moſt like my 'ſelf.

At the cloſe of theſe Words the fair Image ſeem'd to diſappear, and I retired, me-thought, out of the Wood precipitately and in a pleaſing ſort of Confuſion; when to my great ſurpriſe and Satisfaction I found my ſelf directly in the Road that led homewards, which I purſu'd, not without abundant Delight in reflecting upon the Viſion I had ſo lately ſeen.

Advertiſements.

ALL thoſe Perſons, who ſhall pleaſe to honour me with their Correſpondence, are deſired to direct for The Tory Tatler *at* John Baker's *at the* Black-Boy *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

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